"THE AMERICAN CONFLICT."

Leading Incidents and Episodes of the War of the Rebellion.

By HORACE GREELEY.

THE BALTIMORE RIOT.

(Continued from last week.)

SECESSIONISTS IN COMMAND OF THE SITUATION—GEN. BUTLER ON ARRIVAL ACTS PROMPTLY—COMMUNICATION WITH WASHINGTON REOPENED—GOV. HICKS'S MESSAGE—MARYLAND KEPT IN THE UNION.

Baltimore was a Secession volcano in full eruption; while the Counties south of that city were overwhelmingly in sympathy with the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and their few determined Unionists completely overawed and silenced.

The Counties near Baltimore, between that city and the Susquehanna, were actively co-operating with the rebellion, or terrified into dumb submission to its behests. The great populous Counties of Frederick, Washington, and Alleghany, composing western Maryland—having few slaves—were preponderantly loyal; but they were overawed and paralyzed by the attitude of the rest of the State, and still more by the large force of rebel Virginians—said to be 5,000 strong—who had been suddenly pushed forward to Harper's Ferry, and who, though not in season to secure the arms and munitions there deposited, threatened western Maryland from that commanding position.

Thus, only the County of Cecil, in the extreme northeast, remained fully and openly loyal to the Union; that County lying this side of the Susquehanna, and being connected with the Free States by railroad and telegraph.

GEN. BUTLER ARRIVES.

The 8th Mass., under Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, reached Perryville, on the east bank of the Susquehanna, on the 20th, and found its progress here arrested by burned bridges, and the want of cars on the other side.

But Gen. Butler was not a man to be stopped by such impediments. Seizing the spacious and commodious railroad ferry steamer Maryland, he embarked his men thereon, and appeared with them early next morning before Annapolis, the political Capital of Maryland, 30 miles south of Baltimore, and about equi-distant with that city from Washington, wherewith it is connected by a branch or feeder of the Baltimore road. He found this city virtually in rebellion, with its branch railroad aforesaid dismantled, and partially taken up, in the interest of Secession.

Here, too, were the Naval Academy and the noble old frigate Constitution; the latter without a crew, and in danger of falling, at any moment, into the hands of the enemy. He at once secured the frigate, landed next day unopposed, his arrival having been preceded a few hours by that of the famous 7th regiment, composed of the flower of the young chivalry of New York City, which had been transported from Philadelphia direct by the steamboat Boston.

The Maryland returned forthwith to Perryville for still further reinforcements, munitions, and supplies—no one in Annapolis choosing, or daring, for some time, to sell anything to the Union soldiers.

Gen. Butler was met at Annapolis by a formal protest from Gov. Hicks against his landing at that place, or at any other point in Maryland; the specific objection to his occupying Annapolis being that the Legislature had been called to meet there that week.

Gen. Butler, in reply, suggested that, if he could obtain means of transportation to Washington, he would gladly "vacate the Capital prior to the sitting of the Legislature, and not be under the painful necessity of incommoding your beautiful city while the Legislature is in session."

ON TO WASHINGTON.

On the morning of the 24th—several other regiments having meantime arrived—Gen. Butler put his column in motion, the 8th Mass., in advance, closely followed by the 7th N. Y. They kept the line of the railroad, repairing it as they advanced. A dismantled engine, which they found on the way, was refitted and put to use. The day proved intensely hot. Many of the men had had little or nothing to eat for a day or two, and had scarcely slept since they left Philadelphia. Some fell asleep as they marched; others fell out of the ranks, utterly exhausted; one was sunstruck, and had to be sent back, permanently disabled.

The people whose houses they passed generally fled in terror at the first sight of the Northern Goths, who, they had been told, had come to ravage and desolate the South. Nothing to eat could be bought; and, as they did not choose to take without buying, they hungrily marched, building bridges and laying rails by turns, throughout the day and the following night.

The 71st N. Y. followed the next day, and passed, four miles out, the camp of Gov. Sprague's Rhode Island regiment, by whom they were generously supplied with provisions. Arrived at the Annapolis Junction, the soldiers were met by cars from Washington, in which they proceeded on the 25th—the 7th N. Y. in the advance—to that city, and were hailed with rapture by its loyal denizens, who composed, perhaps, one-half of its entire population.

Washington had, for a week, been isolated from the North, while surrounded and threatened by malignant foes. A spirited body of volunteers—temporary sojourners at or casual visitors to the Capital—under Cassius M. Clay as Colonel, had stood on guard during those dark days* and darker nights; and these, in addition to the small force of Regulars commanded by Gen. Scott, had constituted, up to this time, the entire defensive force of the Federal metropolis.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE MEETS.

The Legislature of Maryland convened in extra session, in accordance with Gov. Hicks's call, not at Annapolis, but at Frederick—far from any Union force, but within easy striking distance of the Confederates at Harper's Ferry. Gov. Hicks, in his Message (April 27), recapitulated most of the facts just related, adding that Gen. Butler, before landing at Annapolis, asked permission to do so, but was refused. He said:

The people of Annapolis, though greatly exasperated, acting under counsel of the most prudent citizens, refrained from molesting or obstructing the passage of the troops through the city.

Again:

Notwithstanding the fact that our most learned and intelligent citizens admit the right of the Government to transport its troops across our soil, it is evident that a portion of the people of Maryland are opposed to the exercise of that right. I have done all in my power to protect the citizens of Maryland, and to preserve peace within our borders.

Gov. Hicks admits that he has been somewhat swerved from his true course by "the excitement prevailing among our people during the last few days"; but he restates his deliberate and well-considered position, as follows:

It is of no consequence now to discuss the causes which have induced our troubles. Let us look to our distressing present and to our portentous future. The fate of Maryland, and, perhaps, of her sister border slave States, will undoubtedly be seriously affected by the action of your honorable body.

Therefore should every good citizen bend his energies to the task before us; and therefore should the animosities and bickerings of ourselves for Union and peace, and thus preserve our soil from being polluted with the blood of brethren.

Thus, if war must be between the North and South, we may force the contending parties to transfer the field of battle from our soil, so that our lives and property may be secure.

DECISION NOT TO SECEDE.

The Legislature, thus instructed, decided not to secede from the Union—unanimously in the Senate, 53 to 13 in the House—but proceeded to pass an act to provide for the public safety, constituting a "State Board" of seven, whereof all were rank Secessionists but Gov. Hicks; which Board was to have full control over the organization and direction of the military forces of Maryland, appointing all officers above the rank of Captain.

This Board was to have full power to adopt measures for the safety, peace and defense of the State; and was directed to proscribe no officer for "his political opinions." Its oath of office included no promise of allegiance to the Federal Constitution or Government.

The purpose of this measure was more fully developed by a report from the Committee on Federal Relations, in which the President was charged with acts of tyranny and schemes of subjugation; and the attempt to bring the State, step by step, into collision with the Federal Government clearly revealed. But by this time the strength and resolution of the Free States had been demonstrated, and the sober second thought of Maryland began to assert its ascendancy.

The violence and preternatural activity of the Secessionists had for a time concealed the paucity of their numbers, but it was now evident that they were scarcely a third of the entire white population, and less than a fourth in all that major portion of the State lying north and west of Baltimore.

BUTLER TAKES POSSESSION.

A Home Guard of Unionists was organized in Frederick, comprising her most substantial citizens. A great Union meeting was held in Baltimore on the evening of May 4, whereat the creation of the Board of Public Safety, and all kindred measures, were unsparingly denounced.

Next day Gen. Butler pushed forward two regiments from the Annapolis Junction to the Relay House, nine miles from Baltimore, and controlling the communications between that city and Frederick. On the 9th a force of 1,300 men from Perryville debarked at Locust Point, Baltimore, under cover of the guns of the Harriet Lane, and quietly opened the railroad route through that city to the Relay House and Washington, encountering no opposition.

Gen. Butler took permanent military possession of the city on the 13th, while a force of Pennsylvanians from Harrisburg advanced to Cockeysville, reopening the Northern Central Railroad. The Legislature adopted on the 10th the following:

Whereas the war against the Confederate States is unconstitutional and repugnant to civilization, and will result in a bloody and shameful overthrow of our institutions; and, while recognizing the obligations of Maryland to the Union, we sympathize with the South in the struggle for their rights—for the sake of humanity, we are for peace and reconciliation, and solemnly protest against this war, and will take no part in it.

Resolved That Maryland implores the President, in the name of God, to cease this unholy war, at least until Congress assembles; that Maryland desires and consents to the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. The military occupation of Maryland is unconstitutional, and she protests against it, though the violent interference with the transit of Federal troops is discountenanced; that the vindication of her rights be left to time and reason, and that a convention, under existing circumstances, is inexpedient.

SECESSION FEVER SUBSIDES.

The Federal authority having been fully re-established in Baltimore, and the Union troops within or upon her borders decidedly outnumbering the Confederate, the secession fever in the veins of her people subsided as rapidly as it had risen.

Having been accustomed from time immemorial to acquiesce in whatever the slaveholding interest proposed, and seeing that interest thoroughly affiliated with the plotters of disunion, the great majority had consulted what seemed the dictates of prudence and personal safety by flocking to what appeared, in view of the temporary weakness and paralysis of the Federal Government, the strong side—the side whereon were evinced confidence, energy, and decision.

Under like influences, Maryland would have been voted out of the Union as promptly and by as decisive a majority as Virginia or Tennessee was. Another week's exhibition of the spirit in which Mayor Brown and the Young Christians were allowed to press their impudent demands at the White House, and to return thence to Baltimore not even arrested, would have thrown her headlong into the arms of treason.

Her Legislature finally adjourned on the 14th, after having sent an embassy to Montgomery in quest of "peace," which was so received and answered by Davis as to convey to the South the impression that Maryland was in sympathy with the rebellion.

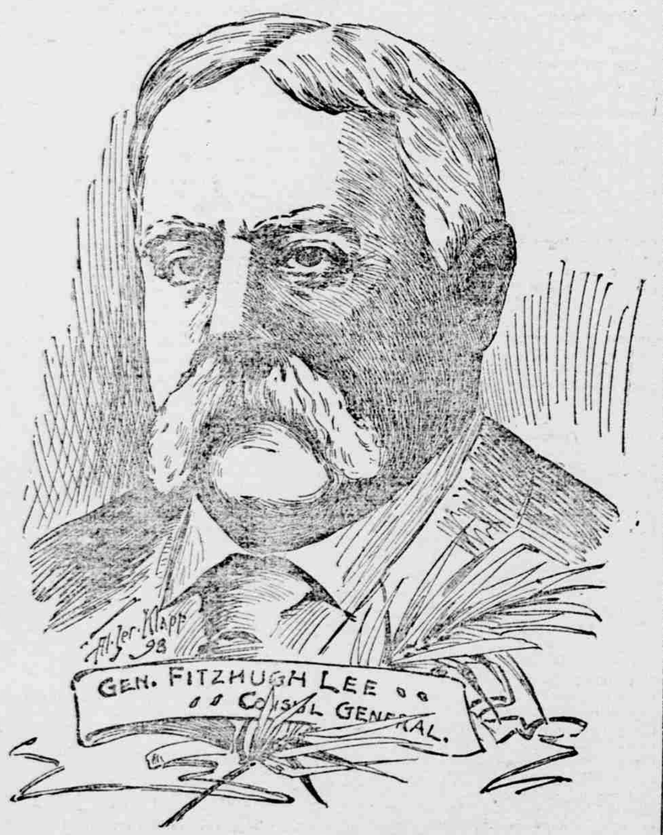
On the 14th, also, Gov. Hicks issued an official proclamation calling for four regiments of volunteers, in answer to the President's requisition. The route through Baltimore being fully re-opened, and communication restored between the Free States and Washington, the safety of the Capital was secured; regiment after regiment pouring into it by almost every train, until, by the end of May, not less than 50,000 men—raw and undisciplined, indeed, but mainly of the best material for soldiers—held the line of the Potomac, or guarded the approaches to the Capital.

And still, from every side, the people of the loyal States were urging more regiments upon the Government, and begging permission to swell the ranks of the Union armies, so as to overmatch any conceivable strength of the rebels.

Baltimore was still and was destined for years to remain the focus and hiding-place of much active though covert treason; her Confederates maintaining constant communication with Richmond, and continually sending men, as well as medicines, percussion caps, and other pressingly needed supplies, to the rebel armies, mainly across the lower Potomac, through the southern Counties of the State; which, being thoroughly "patriarchal" in their social and industrial polity, preponderantly and ardently sympathized with the rebel cause.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The battle of [illegible] with the events leading up to it and the results of the conflict, will be portrayed in immediately succeeding issues.



THE YANKEE CONSUL-GENERAL.

The Spaniards call Fitzhugh Lee a Yankee.—*Havana Dispatch.*

"They say that I'm a Yankee:
I have heard it many times,
I have seen it in their papers,
It is in their songs and rhymes;
I'm the Yankee Consul-General,
I'm the Yankee who's come down
To steal the brightest jewel
From the old Castilian crown.

"They say that I'm a Yankee:
If I'd heard it in my youth
I might perhaps have questioned
Its everlasting truth;
But now, I glory in it:
It's the landmark of my birth,
And I'd rather be a Yankee
Than anything on earth.

"They say that I'm a Yankee,
And I'm glad to say I am;
A Yankee of the Yankees,
And the man ain't worth a—well,
Who wouldn't be a Yankee
When the Banner is unfurled
That has made the Yankee Nation
The greatest of the world?

"They say that I'm a Yankee:
Virginians, can it be
That history will mention
The Yankee, Fitzhugh Lee?
I hope so; and, Virginians,
Let all of us give thanks
That now dear ol' Virginny
Is loaded full of Yanks."

—*W. J. Lampton, in New York Sun.*

*The Richmond Examiner, of April 23, contained this article:

"The capture of Washington City is perfectly within the power of Virginia and Maryland, if Virginia will only make the effort by her constituted authorities; nor is there a single moment to lose. The entire population pant for the onset; there never was half the unanimity among the people before, nor a tithe of the zeal, upon any subject, that is now manifested to take Washington, and drive from it every Black Republican who is a dweller there.

"From the mountain-tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City, at all and every human hazard. That filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire. The people are determined upon it, and are clamorous for a leader to conduct them to the onslaught. The leader will assuredly arise; ay, and that right speedily.

"It is not to be endured that this flight of Abolition harpies shall come down from the black North for their roosts in the heart of the South to defile and brutalize the land. They come as our enemies; they act as our most deadly foes; they promise as bloodshed and fire; and this is the only promise they have ever redeemed. The fanatical yell for the immediate subjugation of the whole South is going up hourly from the united voices of all the North; and, for the purpose of making their work sure, they have determined to hold Washington City as the point whence to carry on their brutal warfare.

"Our people can take it—they will take it—and Scott, the arch-traitor, and Lincoln, the Beast, combined, cannot prevent it. The just indignation of an outraged and deeply injured people will teach the Illinois Ape to regret his race and retrace his journey across the borders of the Free-negro States still more rapidly than he came; and Scott, the traitor, will be given the opportunity, at the same time, to try the difference between 'Scott's Tactics' and the Shanghae Drill for quick movements.

"Great cleansing and purification are needed and will be given to that festering sink of iniquity, that wallow of Lincoln and Scott—the desecrated city of Washington; and many indeed will be the carcasses of dogs and caitiffs that will blacken the air upon the gallows before the great work is accomplished. So let it be!"

A HUNTING TRIP ON THE AMAZONS

BY DR. J. H. PORTER.

We had been watching our Indians fishing during early morning—netting small-fry for the most part, in order to get something palatable to eat—and our canoe was then lying in a shaded inlet over which rose in masses the dense foliage of gigantic trees.

Suddenly that almost oppressive silence which rests upon tropical wildernesses, when the ascending sun brings lethargy and sleep upon all animate things, was broken by an immense splashing, intermingled with the short, hoarse roars of a tiger.

This commotion sounded as if close at hand—in fact just round the sharp bend of a raised bank alongside of which our pirogue lay. Those Indians accompanying us understood its cause at once, and explained that some slumbering or feeding manatee had been attacked by a jaguar. So, eager to see what was even here an unusual sight, we climbed up and carefully concealed ourselves on the side of that little promontory overlooking the spot where this conflict was going on.

A low reach of shore lay below, on which wild rice grew profusely, and at its verge—half in the water, half on land—a desperate struggle was in progress. The tiger bit and tore at his prey; but to kill it then and there did not seem to be the end he had in view. This part of the conflict only formed a portion of what that fierce and powerful animal was endeavoring to accomplish; namely, drag the lamantin up on firm ground.

Life in its large, misshapen body lay too deep for tooth or claw to reach easily. Weight and size were in the manatee's favor so long as its assailant could find no firm foothold. They strove together, first one gaining, then the other; rolling and plunging in a cataract of muddy water; the river-cow mute except for its heavy blowing, its adversary's voice more and more full of those terrific intonations which burst forth when the fell nature of such a wild beast is stirred to its depths.

The tiger, thrown from his hold in one place by the sheer momentum of so large a mass, instantly fastened upon another, and wherever he closed with talon and fang there his victim's flesh gaped and its blood streamed.

Our own sympathies were with the lamantin, and both of us longed to shoot its enemy; although the interests of natural history and other considerations kept rifle-balls away from that fierce foe who was mangling it so distressingly. With the Indians no such motive weighed. One etymology of the term jaguar shows its derivation from native words signifying that this creature is in the habit of eating them. Throughout Amazonia, hatred mingled with an inclination to adore tigers—particularly black ones—is universal. These aborigines could not restrain themselves, and all at once burst out into yells of defiance, accompanied by a flight of arrows.

Whether struck or not, neither of us were able to say, but the jaguar bounded into cover and was lost sight of instantly, while his would-be victim floundered into deep water and dived at once.

We returned to the fishing. Our Indians exercised this art in a way that is, so far as the writer knows, peculiar to these regions. At certain seasons various kinds of small and very well-flavored fish migrate in incredible numbers, and bands of natives post themselves among shallows where these schools make a practice of visiting. They carry conical baskets of cane or grass, stiffened with palm staves, in lieu of their ordinary fishing implements, and when the rippling surface or flash of innumerable small, bright, leaping bodies show the approach of their expected prey they wade out and throw these contrivances, which have no bottom, in a way to make them come down vertically; thus, momentarily inclosing as many fish as can be contained. The basket is held down firmly to prevent escape, and the captives are handed out of its open end. Great quantities may often be gathered in this manner.

Several large-sized fishes are harpooned. There is not much use in shooting arrows into them, because one shaft will almost never kill immediately, and they do not wait for a second. These and other species are, however, taken in drag-nets, together with dolphins and rays, equally impossible to shoot, difficult to strike, and not to be caught with any tackle at the disposal of native fisherman.

People here depend for their food supply much more on aquatic creatures than upon land animals; and taken as a whole, South American Indians are not good hunters, although in certain localities these natives perform feats that for skill and courage can scarcely be surpassed. We have already seen how men will go into turbid streams to encounter a man-eating crocodile. Further north—on the Isthmus of Tehauntepec—single individuals meet jaguars with no better arms than their machetes, which, except that they are longer, resemble those Ghoorka knives used against Asiatic tigers by those bold mountaineers of India from whom the weapons spoken of take their name. It also remains to be told how, to all appearance, similarly unequal contests are waged in parts of Amazonia between men armed only with short, heavy spears, and a wild beast so formidable as an American tiger.

Tribes living on the banks of the Madeira, as well as those along the course of other rivers belonging to this great system, use the bow and arrow far more frequently than they do a net, hook, lance or harpoon. Medium-sized turtles and fish are naturally much more numerous than gigantic specimens of these forms, and those an Indian almost always shoots; principally because this plan is less troublesome than to get his needful supplies in other ways.

Standing like a statue on some rock or overhanging bank, the savage waits with untiring patience for an opportunity to loose his shaft, and when it comes he seldom fails. We saw darting fish transfixed with a skill far greater than that needed for cutting down a flying bird however bold on the wing, or killing bounding deer. Again, when some fat, lazy creature goes by, swimming deep within sunlit waters, and, of course, not at all in the place where it seems to be, one of these Indians will let fly his arrow with an almost unfailing certainty of aim.

This, however, is the attractive, the picturesque side of aboriginal exploits in an aquatic way. It is not the same when one sees these stupid and wasteful barbarians throwing boat-loads of spoiled fish away, because they could not hold their hands while the shallows yet swarmed, or any more victims remained to be taken under their inverted cones of basket-work. When a river is in flood, and vast numbers of all species and every size attempt to make their way around rapids by side channels then formed, there is always a disgusting and useless slaughter. The fish lose their course, getting into temporary basins or pools, where they are ultimately confined by the drying up of connecting water-ways, and very soon reservoirs of this kind begin to dry up. Their occupants die rapidly. The Indians wade into the foul waters, lance in hand, and butcher every living creature they contain. Fish from a source like this are unfit to eat, and even natives themselves abandon most of them to the black vultures always soaring above such spots; nevertheless, they give an opportunity for butchery without exertion, and "the noble savage" never fails to take advantage of an occasion for gratifying his propensities.

It is truly refreshing to remember that a pair of our own especial blackguards once joined a party so engaged, and while wading about, one of them stood on a large ray that had life enough left to "sting." That is to say, it plunged a poisoned horny prong three inches long into this sportsman, and nearly sent him into convulsions with pain.

As for the other worthy, his pangs, though of the mind, were not less hard to bear. He imagined that a candiru had got inside him, and nearly died of fright. It required a solemn incantation, mainly composed of Greek quotations accompanied by shocks from an electric battery, to do the wretch any good.

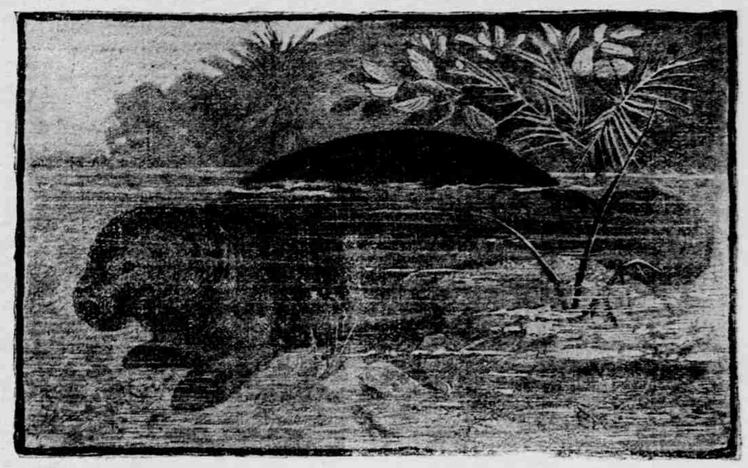
This dreaded candiru is described as a very slender and nearly transparent fish, about as long as one's finger. It insinuates itself into people's bodies, and they inevitably die. No doubt savages under such an impression really do perish; in fact we many times saw them succumb to equally imaginary causes. They have no very strong hold upon life, both on account of their habits and inheritance.

Fortunately for those disreputable adherents of ours, they did not encounter a swarm of piraunas, a species of toothed fish—that is what their name means. These little monsters—for although they are rather broad and thick, their length does not usually exceed nine inches—have torn many a man to pieces, and to be caught by them is certain death. They represent one of those dangers attending a capsize, which make canoeing after tapirs, redfish and manatees rather a risky way of amusing one's self.

One other means of taking fish—the worst, most indefensible and destructive—remains to be described. Various kinds of poison vines grow in Amazonian forests, and to save themselves trouble, the aborigines often make use of them for this purpose. Certain of these are thrown into a pool, with the result of destroying every living creature it contains. The Indians appropriate what they happen to want at that moment, and leave the rest.

Among all species inhabiting these waters, however, the dolphin is pre-eminent in superstition and folk-lore. Many tribesmen will not eat its flesh for fear of losing the affection of their wives. With other hordes the boto, or magic dolphin, plays almost as varied a part in human affairs as did Satan himself during the European Middle Ages.

(To be continued.)



A MANATEE.

James P. Harman, Lieutenant, Co. G, 73th Pa., Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "A. A. Jones states in the issue of March 10 that it was Schofield's Twenty-third Corps that captured Wilmington, N. C. I wish to correct him. It was the Tenth Corps, under command of Gen. A. H. Terry, which first entered that city."

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the next issue Dr. Porter will write entertainingly of strange, soon-to-be-extinct tribes of American aborigines met with in the course of his Madeira River trip. Some first-class hunting anecdotes will appear in successive issues.

From Hatch's Cavalry.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In my article in a recent issue I said that we (Hatch's cavalry) came up to where Harrison's command had been repulsed, about eight miles below Pulaski. Comrade R. C. Rankin says it was Hammond's, and not Harrison's, command that was repulsed. If not repulsed, I would like to know why he was making that movement to the rear in the presence of the enemy. Comrade H. M. Hempstead writes, in defense of Dr. Cannon (who needs no defense), to show that I was wrong in saying that the Doctor was a "little off" in stating that his command drove the enemy back at the battle of Franklin. Comrade Hempstead could have set the whole matter straight by saying that I was mistaken in regard to the troops in front of Hatch by stating that it was not Dr. Cannon's (Loring's) men. I made reference to the Franklin battle proper, which I claim did not begin until about the middle of the afternoon, and not to the sharp fighting all the way from Spring Hill and Mount Carmel to near Franklin. I stand by my statement that Hatch's cavalry was not driven back at Franklin. In proof I offer Comrade Hempstead's quotation from Croxton's report, wherein he says that Hatch formed on his left and the enemy was driven across the Harpeth. I wrote it Haworth (a distinction without a difference).—D. B. SPENCER, Corporal, Co. K, and Commissary-Sergeant, 7th Ill. Cav., Hartford, Kan.

Battle of the Osage.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice in a recent issue an article headed "Gallant Troopers," written by Comrade Steele, Co. K, 3d Iowa Cav. I belonged to the First Brigade, composed of the 1st, 4th and 7th M. S. M. Cav., under Col. J. F. Phillips, 7th M. S. M. Cav.

Comrade Steele claims that the charge at the battle of the Osage was led by Col. Benteen, while the facts are he simply led his own brigade; for the First Brigade was there and led by our own gallant Col. Phillips, and helped to make up that one thin line that he truly speaks of. We stood for several minutes looking down on the rebels, who were formed three lines deep instead of four as he says. The enemy had eight pieces of artillery, while we had none near enough to help us, and at the sound of the bugle we started on one of the grandest charges of the war.

As the comrade says, there it was on the open plain, with nothing to break the charge or obstruct the view. It was a sight never to be forgotten—grand indeed. The victory was complete, with results as he states, Gens. Marmiduke and Cabell and from 800 to 1,000 made prisoners, with seven pieces of artillery captured. Now as to who captured Marmiduke and Cabell.

I admit that the 3d Iowa boys did it, simply because the rebs were directly in front of them, while the First Brigade struck the rebel lines as quick as they did and captured their share of prisoners.

As Comrade Steele mentions both the 3d and 7th Ind. Cav. being there, I will say I never heard of an Indianian being there before.—JOHN L. WILLIAMS, Co. B, 7th M. S. M. Cav., Caldwell, Kan.